

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LORD BYRON

Morley, Patrick J.
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Thesis



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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LORD BYRON

Submitted by

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for the degree of Master of Education.

1929

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Lord Byron was very proud of his descent both on his father's and mother's side. The Byrons are an old Norman family, whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. Some of their number fought at Cressy ; others at the seige of Calais; others at Bosworth and Marston Moor.

The peerage was granted to the Byrons by Charles the First of the Stuart- This was granted as a reward for the devotion shown by Sir John Byron, afterwards Lord Byron. Henry the Eight granted the Newstead Abbey, on the dissolution of the monasteries, to one known as " Little Sir John of the great beard. " The Sir John of Elizabeth's reign was illegitimate.

At Edgehill there were seven Byrons in the field. For his services at Newbury another was created Baron of Rochdale in 1643. Of the rest, Admiral Byron, called " Foul-weather Jack " for his misfortunes at sea, and the "wicked Lord Byron ", who married a daughter of Lord Berkely, grand -uncle of the poet, who succeeded this "wicked lord " in the peerage, are best known.

The poet's grand-mother, a lady of the great Berkely blood, had married Admiral Byron, a brother of the "wicked lord ", and became by that marriage mother of one of the worst scapegraces of the eighteenth century. Her son was that Mad Jack Byron whose wild escapades were the talk of the town, the Berkeley blood mingling with the Byron in most explosive fashion. And this was the poet's father.

" Mad Jack Byron", the poet's father, was a handsome rake, who, when but twenty-two years of age , seduced the beautiful Marquis of Carmarthen's wife, and married her after a divorce had been obtained. She was the mother of Augusta, the poet's half-sister. After his first wife's death he married Catherine Gordon, of Gith, an heiress, whose fortune he soon used up to pay some pressing debts. She was descended from the Scotch royal blood, but was a passionate ,

uncontrolled, coarse creature, with no ladyhood in her and nothing to attract her wayward husband. Shortly after the Poet's birth in Hollis Street, London, January 22nd. 1788, the father, being pressed by his creditors, abandoned mother and child, leaving them with only seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and died in France, August, 1791. In his early poems the poet Lord Byron says:

" Stern death forbade my orphan youth to share

The tender guidance of a father's care !

And later in his poem " Lara ":

" Left by his sire; too young such loss to know,

Lord of himself , that heritage of woe,

That fearful empire , which the human breast

But holds to rob the heart of rest,

With none to check, and few to point in time

The thousand paths that slope the way to crime. "

The mother :- sometimes a mother may almost make up by her affectionate and gentle wisdom for the absence of firm kindness and judiciously applied experience in a father. But here there was no such mother. Poor Mrs. Byron was a warm hearted person indeed, truly fond of her son in her own strange way. She was vehement, undisciplined, subject to fits of fury, hysterical, and, on the whole, would seem to have been appointed in irony to train this volcanic child of genius. Now she would lavish caresses on him, and now blows, with little other justification than her own arbitrary whims and moods. But there is one high and noble characteristic which he owed to his mother, she taught him to abhor tyrants, to pity the poor and the weak and the oppressed. Such was the inheritance provided for the poet. His own disposition as a child prophesied what he would be in after-life, " passionate, sullen, defiant of authority, but amenable to kindness. "

George Gordon Byron was a lively, warmhearted boy, more ready to give a blow than receive one. He was as unprepossessing a child as could be. He was enormously corpulent for his height, his features were all but obliterated in a tide of fleshy tissue, giving him an expression of moony good nature. Byron was deformed from birth, the tendons in both legs were contracted preventing him from putting his feet flat on the ground. He used to "hop about like a bird." The right foot was in a sadder condition than the left. He was ever, even from childhood ashamed of this deformity, in later years he imagined that the beggars of London were imitating him. The affliction prevented him from taking a healthy and normal amount of exercise, aggravating thereby his tendency to corpulency.

His mother sent him to a day school and later to a grammar school, after having passed through the hands of certain preparatory tutors. At the grammar school which was situated at Aberdeen, Scotland, where he had been taken by his mother because of his delicate health, he showed no particular aptitude to learn the common tasks of the school. But even then he was a reader of many books and he educated himself, while refusing the type of education provided by his superiors. Even at the age of ten he had to his credit a large list of books read. In 1796, after an attack of scarlet fever at Aberdeen, he was taken by his mother to Ballater, and from this period he dates his love of mountainous scenery and countries. He was accustomed to spend whole days in traveling about the highland country admiring nature's wonderful work. In May, 1798, on the death of his grand-uncle, he succeeded to the family title, having become the next heir when his cousin, the fifth lord's grandson, died in Corsica. In the autumn of the same year, Mrs. Byron set out for England with her son, who never re-visited Scotland. They lived at Nottingham for about a year, where Mrs. Byron found for her son a tutor, to whom he became greatly attached. The following year they again moved, this time to London.

Moore's Life of Byron.

From 1801 to 1805, from thirteen years to seventeen years of age, George was sent to Harrow, where he sat besides the future statesman, Peel. He hated Harrow, his school mates, his life there and about everything connected with the place. The big bullies there took great delight in putting his lame foot into a bucket of water by way of a joke. Byron was unpopular at first, and though he was bullied when very young, he remained long enough to show his native energy and determination of his character. He soon became respected among his schoolfellows. He often was mixed up in school scrapes and became famous for rows as he was a ringleader of the boys. Dr. Drury, head of the school is quoted as saying, " I soon found that a wild mountain colt had been committed to my care..... A degree of shyness hung about him. His manner and temper soon convinced me that he might be led by a silken cord to a point, rather than by a cable... on that principle I acted. " Even at this stage he was possessed of few personal attractions. He was described by an acquaintance as " a fat, bashful boy, with hair combed straight over his forehead, and looked a perfect gaby. " Moreover, he was conceited, shy and awkward, with rough and odd manners. A few years later all or rather most of these defects were to disappear. In a later chapter of this work, attention will be called to the painful measures he employed to correct his disposition to fatten, which the infirmity of his feet prevented him from fighting in a natural and healthy way.

His Harrow life was for Byron the period of enthusiastic youthful friendships. " My school friendships, " he said, " were with me passions. " Of these the greater number were younger than Byron. His friendship with Lord Claire was one of the earliest and most tender, as well as most enduring. He says, " I never hear the word "Claire " without a beating of the heart even now, and I write it with the feelings of 1803-4-5 ad infinitum. " Byron was not content with friendship he wanted more, so he turned to love. In Aberdeerp

Moore- Life of Lord Byron

it was Mary Duff, who was the object of his attention. In after years he wrote the following poem about this childhood love.

2 When I Roved a Young Highlander. "

"When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,

And climbed thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow!

To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd below,

Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,

And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,

No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear;

Need I say, My Sweet Mary, 'twas centered in you ?

.....

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone;

The mountains are gone, my youth is no more;

As the last of my race, I must wither alone,

And delight but in days I have witness'd before:

Ah ! splendor has raised, but embittered my lot;

More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:

Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot;

Though cold is my heart, still it lingers with you.

.....

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains once more

Shall arise to my sight in their mantles of snow;

But while these soar above me., unchanged as before,

Will Mary be there to receive me ?- ah, no !

Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred !

Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu !

No home in the forest shall shelter my head,-

Ah ! Mary. what home could be mine but with you ?."

the following poem about this childhood love.

I think I found a young highlander
When I found a young highlander
And kissed my sweet dream
To kiss on the lips that were
Unkissed by science, a stranger to love
And then we took each other
No feeling, have one, to be
And I say, by George Mary, 'I love you'

.....
I left my heart, and my friends and home
The mountains are gone, as youth is no more
In the heart of my love, I feel
And tonight in my arms I feel
In! I feel, but I feel
And then we took each other
Though we hope we have failed, yet they are not
Though they are my heart, still it is mine

.....
The day was bright, the mountains were
And we were in the heart of our
And when we were apart, we were
Will Mary be there to receive me? - Ah, no!
When, then, the hills, where we
Then we took each other
No more in the forest, still we were
Ah! Mary, when we were apart, we were

In Dulwich it was Margaret Parker, who kindled in him the spark of poetry. This was in his twelfth year (1800). She was a girl of great beauty and charm. On her the poet wrote his first serious verse, and later the lines:

" Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom;
Not e'en a Zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love. "

Margaret Parker died of consumption about two years after the poet fell in love with her.

In Harrow it was Mary Ann Charworthy. The poet had hopes of making her his bride, but she married another as she felt that Byron was only a school boy, although she was but two years his senior. On hearing of her marriage Byron was visibly affected with a deep sense of loss. He never found the strength to shake off the past, but loved to revel in the old memories the more they became painful. The poet wrote the following lines in the " Dream " in which he describes his relations with Mary Charworth.

" I saw two beings in the hue of youth
Standing upon a hill,-----

These two, a maiden and a youth were there
Gazing- the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself- but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young- yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge
The maid was on the eve of maidenhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had for outgrown his years, and to his eye

in London at the National Park, was killed in his 35th year. This was in his 35th year (1857). The two parts of great beauty and character. The first part of his first volume verse, and later the second.

"I have seen the world, and still the evening glow,
And seen a happy sunset through the grove,
Which I return to see my happy sunset,
And better flowers on the road I love."

My father died of consumption about two years after the first part in
those with him.
In 1857 it was very thin. The poet had hopes of seeing his
wife, but she married another man the day after his death. He
although he was two years his senior. The feeling of the marriage
was still reflected with a deep sense of loss. He never found the strength to
take all the time, but loved to read in the old manuscript the words they became
faded. The first verse the following lines is the "Drama" in which he wrote
his relations with Mary Thackeray.

"I saw the world in the face of youth
Standing upon a hill,

There too, a woman and a youth were there
Gazing - the one on the other with content
But as sunset - the day was over
The youth were young, and one was beautiful
And both were young - yet not alike in youth
As the sunset moon on the horizon's verge
The wind was on the eye of the sunset
The day had been a dream, but had been
And for the sunset was over, and the eye

There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him; he had looked
 Upon it till it could not pass away;
 He had no being but in hers;
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
 But trembled on her words.----- "

Mrs Charworth's married life was not a happy one. Her husband was unkind and unfeeling in his conduct toward her. Byron heard of her marital troubles and it grieved him very much. Part of the above poem dealt with this phase of her married life.

" Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
 The settled shadow of an inward strife,
 And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
 As if its lids were charged with unshed tears. "

She finally separated from her husband and some time later the " bright Star of Annesly " as Byron called her, passed away. She was then insane.

A few weeks after Miss Charworth's marriage, Byron went to the University of Cambridge (October 1805), where he became a member of Trinity College. He remained here during three years of irregular attendance, and received his Master of Arts degree in March , 1808. He went there at the advice of Dr. Drury, although his own wishes leaned toward Oxford. He freely vented his indignation against Cambridge, which had thus been forced on him. He escaped from the University as often as he could, so that it is very difficult to form a connected notion of his outer and inner college life. He refused to be constrained to work according to any fixed and uniform scheme of study. Without aim or purpose, he divided his university years between the pedantic learning of Cambridge, and the fashionable follies of the great city. These were years of leisure or idleness, the only visible fruits of which were the " Hours of Idleness. "

There was not one beloved face on earth,
And that was missing on him he had looked
Upon it all, it could not pass away,
He had no caring but in earth.

She was his voice, he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words.

Mrs. Gresham's married life was not a happy one. Her husband was selfish and
unfeeling in his conduct toward her. Byron heard of her marital troubles and
he visited her very much. Part of the above poem deals with this phase of her
married life.

"Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The saddest shadow of an inward strife,
And as we gazed together at the eye,
As if the life were changed with sudden tears."

The family, separated from her husband and some time later the "original" Byron
at Annandale, as Byron called her, passed away. She was then known.

A few weeks after Mrs. Gresham's marriage, Byron went to the

University of Cambridge (October 1802), where he became a member of Trinity

College. He remained there during three years of irregular attendance, and received

his Master of Arts degree in March, 1805. He went there at the advice of Dr.

Butt, although his own studies leaned toward history. He freely vented his indigni-

cation against Cambridge, which had been forced on him. He escaped from the

University as soon as he could, so that it is very difficult to form a connected

notion of his outer and inner college life. He refused to be constrained to

work according to any fixed and uniform scheme of study. Without aim or purpose,

he divided his university work between his favorite learning of Cambridge,

and the traditional habits of the Greek city. There were some of his friends at

last, the only visible fruits of which were the "Hours of Solitude."

Byron has the reputation of having spent his time at Cambridge in a dissipated and licentious manner. The greater part of this ill repute he owes to himself, from the intentionally exaggerated description he ever gives to his youthful follies and excesses. The truth is, he was not either licentious or vicious or wicked. Rather he was eccentric, but not morally worse than the majority of those young men who, during their student life, according to the English proverb, "sow their wild oats."

From the summer of 1806 to the June of 1807, Byron spent a whole year at Southwell, to which his mother had removed in the year 1804. The young man conscious of his position as a peer, refused to be treated any longer as a child, but claimed a corresponding independence. His pride and self-will on the one hand, and still more the unmeasured violence of the mother on the other, led to terrible and almost incredible scenes. On a certain occasion, when Mrs. Byron, not content with smashing plates and cups, seized the fire-irons, and threw the poker at her son, these actions brought about his decision to take flight at once. He hastened to London; his mother as soon as she learned of his place of abode, pursued him there. Here a truce was made between them and Mrs. Byron returned to Southwell. On his return to Cambridge, his friends scarcely recognized him, he had, while in Southwell, begun his notorious system of reducing himself, and to his great joy had lessened his weight, by means of strong exercise, much medicine, and frequent warm baths, by twenty pounds.

While at Southwell Byron had written several poems, he continued his efforts along this line on returning to Cambridge. Among them were "Early Poems", "Bosworth Field", also a romance, the last two were never completed.

Byron was a person that was very susceptible to emotional changes, he could be gay and happy one moment and then submerged in the depths of gloom the next. When he moved to Newstead after leaving Cambridge he planted an oak tree in the park and curiously enough imagined that their fates and fortunes would be linked together. On visiting the tree some time later, he found it almost choked with weeds and almost destroyed. This sight gave him many gloomy thoughts. But the death of his favorite dog Boatswain threw him into deeper grief. This faithful animal had become a personality inseparable from Newstead. The epitaph composed on him by Byron is well known.

" The Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog. "

" When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was but what he might have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth,
While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust
Degraded mass of animated dust !

The first part of the report is devoted to a description of the work done during the year. It is divided into two main sections, the first of which deals with the work done in the laboratory and the second with the work done in the field. The first section is divided into three parts, the first of which deals with the work done in the laboratory during the year, the second with the work done in the laboratory during the year, and the third with the work done in the laboratory during the year. The second section is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the work done in the field during the year, and the second with the work done in the field during the year.

The second part of the report is devoted to a description of the results of the work done during the year. It is divided into two main sections, the first of which deals with the results of the work done in the laboratory and the second with the results of the work done in the field. The first section is divided into three parts, the first of which deals with the results of the work done in the laboratory during the year, the second with the results of the work done in the laboratory during the year, and the third with the results of the work done in the laboratory during the year. The second section is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the results of the work done in the field during the year, and the second with the results of the work done in the field during the year.

Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
 By nature vile, ennobled byt by name,
 Each knidred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on-- it honors none you wish to mourn:
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
 I never know but one and here he lies. "

Byron's "Hours of Idleness " was not well recieved by critics.

But all antagonism against him as a poet made him all the more determined to prove his worth as a poet. He recieved all rebukes in silence but secretly made up his mind to be revenged. He repaired to Newstead Abbey and began work on a poetical retaliation, which was to crush his foes and prove his vocation as a poet. This was the celebrated satire, " English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. "

At the beginning of 1809 Byron having attained his majority, repaired to London to assume his place in the poetical world, by taking his seat in the House of Lords. If Byron had often occasion, during his minority to realize his friendless and lonely condition, he had now again, when he took his seat in the senate of the realm, to experience the bitterness of his desolation. His guardian and kinsman , the Earl of Carlisle, to whom, according to long established custom, it belonged to introduced the younger peer to the House, declined this honorable and honary duty. So Byron had to go through this trying formality alone. After the ordeal was over and he was once more safe within the walls of his little room, he confided to his friend, Dallas, that he intended to go abroad.

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,
My faith is true, my love is true and honest!

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

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My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

My love is true, my friendship true and honest,

Nothing now stood in the way of carrying out his plan for traveling. He gave as a reason for the trip that a man should have a better than reading knowledge of the world 's affairs. But practical and material reasons were also associated with this ideal ground for traveling. The shattered state of his finances made traveling expedient , for Byron knew well that, with his limited income, he could live, according to his rank, only on the Continent or in the East. He was in every way tired of England, and longed to step beyond the narrow precincts of English society and culture, the bitter dregs of which he had tasted. With a retinue of servants more in accordance with his rank than with his fortune, Byron embarked , July 2nd. 1809, at Falmouth, on board the packet for Lisbon, where he arrived after a favorable passage, on the 7th. From here after a short stay he traveled to Seville, where the women chiefly excited his interest. He wrote, with singular candor, about them to his mother. During their three days stay, the travelers lodged in the house of two unmarried ladies, who became enamoured with Byron. His social position gave him here, as everywhere , the opportunity of coming in contact with distinguished men, as for instance with General Castanos and Admiral Cordova.

Having touched Gibraltar, he sailed to Malta, where he engaged in a serious flirtation with Mrs. Spencer Smith, who he addressed as " Florence " in " Childe Harold ". He left Malta in the "Spider " a brig of war, and on September 29, stepped on the soil of Albania. He greets Albania as " the rugged nurse of savage men ! " Byron could not but feel the liveliest sympathy with condition of society , where individuality of character developed itself unimpeded by conventional barriers. We next hear of Byron in Athens, where he made a wealth of explorations . In his poems we see what a profound impression Greece made on him, these poems relative to Greece are among the most beautiful that ever flowed from his pen. By no other modern poet has Greece been sung with such a

sublimity and enthusiasm as by Byron .

He proceeded to Constantinople from Athens. Byron employed his leisure time in an excursion to Troy and a little later by way of amusement he swam across the Dardanelles from Sestos to Abydos; a feat of which through out his life he was inordinately proud. Here in Constantinople he saw many sights that later served as inspirations to him when writing as for instance in one of the cities he saw a corpse lying in the street gnawed by dogs- a terrible spectacle, which Byron in the " Siege of Corinth " reproduced in fearful colors.

Byron could not resist the temptation to visit Athens again so in the company of one of his friends he set sail for that city,. While there he again went in for explorations and expeditions. In September we find him in Patras, where for the first time he was attacked with the marsh- fever, which fourteen years later, almost within sight of this town, was the cause of his death. After recovering from the attack he devoted his time to the study of modern Greek and to the composition of his two poems " Hints from Horace " , and " The Curse of Minerva " .

Shortly afterwards, Byron found himself compelled to return home because of lack of sufficient funds to continue his stay abroad and because his involved circumstances demanded his presence in London. He was in no agreeable state of mind at having to return home under those circumstances. He writes to a friend, " Indeed my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferant to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken , I am returning home without a hope, and almost without a desire. "

Moore- Life of Lord Byron, i.354

the physician to understand the true situation. It is not enough to know that the patient is ill, but he must know the nature of the illness. The physician must be able to interpret the signs and symptoms of the disease, and to understand the patient's history. The physician must be able to communicate with the patient, and to explain the nature of the illness in a way that the patient can understand. The physician must be able to make a diagnosis, and to prescribe the appropriate treatment. The physician must be able to monitor the patient's progress, and to adjust the treatment as needed. The physician must be able to provide emotional support to the patient, and to help the patient cope with the illness. The physician must be able to work with the patient's family, and to help the family understand the illness. The physician must be able to work with other members of the health care team, and to coordinate the patient's care. The physician must be able to stay up-to-date on the latest advances in medicine, and to use the best available evidence to guide the patient's care. The physician must be able to provide a high quality of care, and to ensure that the patient is satisfied with the results. The physician must be able to work in a team, and to share information with other members of the team. The physician must be able to communicate with the patient's family, and to help the family understand the illness. The physician must be able to work with other members of the health care team, and to coordinate the patient's care. The physician must be able to stay up-to-date on the latest advances in medicine, and to use the best available evidence to guide the patient's care. The physician must be able to provide a high quality of care, and to ensure that the patient is satisfied with the results. The physician must be able to work in a team, and to share information with other members of the team.

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On his arrival in London he found it impossible to tear himself away as quickly as he thought it would, these matters of business wearied him much. On the 23rd. of July 1811 he wrote to his mother, that he was kept in London very much against his will but that he would be home to see her as soon as possible. A few days later he recieved news of her dangerous illness; he hastened as quickly as possible to Newstead, but recieved, while on the road, the news of her death. Although his grief was manifested in a peculiar manner, it was greater than might be expected from his relations to such a mother. On reaching her death bed he burst into tears and said, "Oh I had but one friend in the world and she is gone!" This was the natural Byron; but as soon as he again appeared in public, he resumed his artificial demeanor. He could not bring himself to follow his mother to the grave, dreading, perhaps, to be overcome with grief before others, and to appear unmanly; he remained standing at the Abbey gate and watched the procession until it disappeared. He then called a servant and made him bring a set of boxing gloves; and with violent effort proceeded to his usual sparring exercise, but the strain was too great and he retired to his room and stayed there alone for a long time.

Byron was now entirely without family ties, his half-sister, at this period of his life, was to him hardly existing. We do not hear that she manifested any feeling at the death of her step-mother, or sympathised with the members of her brother. She does not seem to have identified herself with the grief of the members of the Byron family, but rather with those of her mother. She was married in 1807 to her cousin, afterwards Colonel Leigh, but it was only at a later period that she entered into more intimate and sisterly relations with her brother.

On the 27th. of February, 1812, he made his first speech in the House of Lords, on the Nottingham frame-breakers Bill, and recieved the congratulations of distinguished statemen; the speech was voted a success.

Two days after, "Childe Harold" appeared. The result was electric, startling, and dazzling. "I awoke one morning," he says, "and found myself famous." "Childe Harold" and "Lord Byron" became the theme of every tongue. At his door came many leading men of the day, some of them persons whom he had wronged much in his satire. From morning till night the most flattering testimonies of his success crowded his table. Instead of the desert that London seemed to him a few weeks before, he now saw the whole interior of London high life thrown open to him and himself the most distinguished man therein. He now devoted most of his time to writing, pouring forth a great abundance of poetry, both good and indifferent. In his works there were many very beautiful passages concerning Greek nationality and aspirations, concerning death and passion, the beauty and frailty of women, their lovely fidelity, their devotion; graphic pictures also of fierce wild life and of external nature in the "Corsair," "The Giaour", "The Bride of Abydos", "Parisina", "Lara", and the "Siege of Corinth." All these also contained self-portraits of a gloomy, unhappy, restless, remorseful and insatiable soul.

Some idea of the vast amount of writing that Byron did may be gathered from the following quotation of Murry, in Moore's "Life of Byron." "This morning," says Murry, "I looked over my ledger, and I find that 375,000 dollars has passed over that counter from Lord Byron's pen alone. Can any one in the trade say as much? And then look at the time it was done in—ten years—I think that proves he was a great poet!"

Frequent mention has been made of Byron's intimacy with Lady Caroline Lamb; which, since it exercised considerable influence on his life and gives at the same time a vivid picture of the state of society, requires to be given a rather full explanation. She was the only daughter of the third Lord Besborough and of the Lady Frances Spencer. She is described as wild, impatient, rapid in her impulses, generous and kind of heart; a kindred spirit with Byron

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in every respect. In person she was tall, slight, and perfectly formed; but her countenance was not one of beauty. Her conduct was, "one perpetual kaleidoscope of changes." she was married to William Lamb but there was hardly a spirit of mutual devotion between them. She was possessed of a burning desire to meet this wonderful man and poet of whom all the English world was talking. Finally she did meet him and then Byron was seen to visit her almost daily for six months. Mr. Lamb, though aware of the intimacy of his wife and Byron, concerned himself little with the morals of his wife. The scandal became too great however and Lady Lamb's mother removed her daughter to a relative in Ireland. Mr. Lamb forgave his wife for her conduct and begged her to return to him but he failed in accomplishing anything at the time. Later on she did return and she was still possessed of her passion for Byron, but Byron's had cooled, and it gradually took a turn which necessarily led to mutual hatred, Lady Lamb gave vent to her mortification and revenge by her pen. She wrote a romance called "Glenarvon" in which she painted Byron in the blackest of colors. She describes him as a demon full of deceit and wickedness; as a rattlesnake, and herself as the bird under the spell of his fascination. Byron laughed off this attempt to cause his downfall. Lady Lamb did not find the repose she needed in writing, rather she became wilder in her denunciations and was finally adjudged insane. Thus Byron gradually lost all reverence for women or confidence in them; he was satiated by excesses and the moral basis was utterly wanting in all his relations with them. But on the contrary, true goodness of heart in a woman never failed to produce its effect on him. His estimate of woman may be seen from the following quotation. "I regard them as very pretty but inferior creatures, who are as little in their place at our tables as they would be in our council chambers. The whole of the present system with regard to the female sex is a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalry of our forefathers. I look on them as grownup children and like a foolish mamma, I am constantly the slave of one of them."

In spite my contempt for the sex I am ever against my will devoted to some individual woman. The Turks shut up their women and are much happier; give a woman a looking-glass and burnt almonds, and she will be content. "

And yet in spite of these views he had serious thoughts of getting married. A wife, he thinks, would be his salvation. Worldly motives determined him- the imperative necessity of improving his affairs and attaining a position in harmony with his rank. These ends promised to be realized in a marriage with Miss Milbanke. They met for the first time at a party when she was on a visit to her aunt, Lady Melbourne, in London. Byron was interested and attracted, and an acquaintance with her began, which was encouraged by his friends, Lady Melbourne and Lady Jersey. After her return to her home in the North, he corresponded with her for a considerable time and at length, following the advice of Lady Melbourne, proposed to her (1812), but was refused. They remained true friends however. Byron had quite an exalted opinion of her. He said that she was a superior woman, a poetess, a mathematician, a metaphysician and yet she was kind, generous and possessed of very little pretension. He renewed his suit in 1814, and was excepted. They were married, January 2nd, 1815, at Seaham.

Directly after the marriage ceremony he is said to have been guilty of strange offences against propriety. Thus when they drove up to Halmaby, where the honeymoon was to be spent, he sprang out of the carriage and went into the house without concerning himself about his bride. Their honeymoon was not altogether free from clouds, Byron was wearied by the dullness of the life in his wife's house. About the middle of March they began their journey to London. In town they occupied the house of the Duchess of Devonshire during her absence in France. They set up a brilliant establishment, gave parties, and threw themselves into the whirl of society life.

As Lady Byron was reported to be a great heiress, the creditors of Byron

beseiged him , demanding their money. The fifty thousand dollars which she recieved as a marriage dowry soon melted away. Eight or nine executions had been taken on his house during the year and even the beds they slept in were the possessions of the creditors. His position as a peer alone kept him from being thrown into prison. Amid these miserable circumstances Lady Byron gave birth (1815) to a daughter , Augusta Ada. In compliance with the wish of her husband, a wish arising from the embarrassed state of his affairs, Lady Byron left London a few weeks after on a visit to her father in Leicestershire, where Byron was to follow her at a later date. Husband and wife parted the best of friends.

She had scarcely arrived at her father's house when Byron recieved from her father, a letter stating that his wife, Lady Byron would return to him no more. This notice was later confirmed in a letter from her own hand. As a reason for her conduct she says that she was acting according to the advice of a certain doctor, Dr. Baillie, by name. She said that she thought that Byron was mad. Lady Noel and Mrs. Clermont came up to London shortly after to lay all the facts Lady Byron had told them before Dr. Baillie and Dr. Lushington. They paid him a visit and later gave out the opinion that he was perfectly sane. Byron writes of this visit in his work, " Don Juan ".

" For Inez called some druggists and physicians,
 And tried to prove her loving lord was mad,
 But as he had some lucid intermissions
 She next dicided he was only bad;
 Yet when they asked her for her dispositions,
 No sort of explanation could be had,
 Save that her duty both to man and God
 Required this conduct- which seemed very odd. "

Friends of both parties lined up in battle array prepared to defend the actions of both husband and wife. Gradually she was winning the sympathy of the people at large and Byron sensing his loss of prestige, attempted to regain his favor by writing poetical pieces that tended to throw the guilt of the whole affair on Lady Byron. Never were words better calculated to alienate sympathy from her and draw it toward himself, than those in his, " Farewell. "

" Fare thee well, and if for ever
Then forever, fare thee well.
Even if unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'r canst know again.
Would that breast by thee glanced over
Every inmost thought could show!
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.
Though my many faults defaced me
Could no other arm be found,
Than the arm which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet, oh, yet, thyself deceive not;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away.
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead;

Bath shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather

And our child's first accents flow,

Wilt thou teach her to say "Father, "

Though his care she must forego ?

Should her lineaments resemble

Those thou never more mayst see,

Then thy heart will softly tremble

With a pulse still true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,

All my madness none can know;

All my hopes , where'er thou goest,

Wither, yet with thee they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;

Pride which not a world could bow,

Bows to thee by thee forsaken,

Even my soul forsakes me now.

Farewell to thee ! Thus disunited,

Torn from every nearer tie,

Seared in heart and lone and blighted-

More than this I scarce can die. "

As a reconciliation was impossible in view of the events which transpired

Sir Ralph Lushington proposed to Lord Byron an amicable separation; a proposal which at first Byron rejected; and only when threatened with legal measures did he agree to sign a deed of separation. He was ignorant of the charges that his wife made against him as she never came out with them. What ever he heard was from friends. This very silence by his wife was an accusation in itself.

But I am alive, not every morning

Time of day is mine and mine

And when that night comes again

And one thing is true, I know

That I can reach out to you, "Friend"

Though I am not the same as you

Should my friends be so kind

There is no better way to go

Then to be with you, my friend

With a love that is true

All the things that I have known

Are up and down like you

All the things that I have known

Are up and down like you

Every feeling that I have known

Are up and down like you

How to live by the word

Every feeling that I have known

Are up and down like you

From that every feeling

Carried in heart and hand and mind

From that every feeling

In a revolution was impossible in view of the words with which

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All sorts of scandalous charges were brought against him, some of them no doubt were true. He was advised not to go to the House of Peers as he probably would be mobbed, so incensed were the people. " I was accused of every monstrous vice by public rumour and private rancour; my name, which has been a knightly or a noble one, since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Conqueror, was tainted. I felt that if what was whispered and muttered, was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. " So he left England and was next heard of in Switzerland. The poet traveled about in great style, collecting material for the third canto of " Childe Harold ". He went through Flanders, along the Rhine, visited Waterloo and many other places of note.

At Geneva he spent sometime in the company of his friend Shelly. It was here that the two first met, and formed the friendship that was to last until death. They toured the lake regions together and at night they would sit late talking, Byron was always at his best with Shelly.

In two days time he wrote that beautiful poem, " The Prisoner of Chillon," with it's beautiful and appealing sonnet to Liberty, and it's graphic descriptions. He also at this time wrote the third canto of the " Childe Harold," and part of " Manfred," and other small pieces.

About this time Byron determined to move to Venice, which he did. He was there but a short time when he contracted a bad case of malaria fever, which was one of the reasons that prevented him from returning to England in the Spring as he had planned. After his recovery he started on an expedition to Rome. At the sight of Tasso's prison, he was inspired to write his " Lament of Tasso," a fine work.

The summer and early autumn of 1817 were spent at La Mira, where his sensual excesses gave plenty of occasion for scandal. His debaucheries brought him to the verge of the grave, at the same time he went in for low dieting and

fasting, alternating with immoderate drinking. While here Byron wrote, "Beppo," "Mazeppa," and the early books of "Don Juan." Of this work, "Don Juan", Shelly writes, It sets him not only above, but far ~~above~~ all the poets of the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality. "

Friends of Byron made a very determined attempt to induce him to return to England about this time, but he remained at Venice, where he had lately taken up his abode. It appears that he disliked the attempt to force him to return, although one of the reasons that the attempt was made was to complete the business transaction of the sale of his Newstead Abbey, for which he later recieved \$ 475,000 . The forming of the acquaintance of Countess Guiccioli provided him with another reason for desiring to stay in Venice. Each made a profound impression on the other , and some idea of Lord Byron's appearance may be gained from the words of the Countess herself. She says, " His noble and wonderfully beautiful countenance, the tone of his voice, his manner, the thousand enchantments that surrounded him, rendered him so different and so superior a being to any whom I had hitherto seen, that it was impossible he should not have left a most profound impression upon me. " She swayed the poet's affections until his death in Greece. Although she was married, her husband said nothing prohibiting her relations with Byron, they even lived under the same roof. They were separated several times but always returned to continue their close friendship.

Byron became mixed in several political rows, taking the part of the insurrectionists. For this he was viewed with disfavor by the government. He became very much interested in war between Greece and Turkey, his sympathy going with the Greeks. On the 14th. of July, Byron embarked with several companions on the English brig Hercules, bound for Greece. He brought with him a large supply of arms and fifty thousand dollars. One of the main reasons for

Moore- Life of Lord Byron. page 146.

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this expedition to Greece was to show the world that he could do better things than write verse. This war was one for Greek independence, it began in 1821, the struggle had been carried on for two years with remarkable success but early in 1823 the tide appeared to be turning. Dissensions broke out among the patriots and funds for carrying out the enterprise were lacking. This is the time that Byron entered the fray. He succeeded in bringing about a partial reform into the disordered ranks of the Greeks. Byron was made a commander-in-chief of his division. He had ambitious plans but the state of his health was far from being equal to their execution.

His abode was situated in a swampy place and as he was very susceptible to fevers of any sort, he was soon in bed with a very acute attack. He had gone out riding in the rain just previous to the attack. On the evening of the 11th. he was declared to have rheumatic fever, this fever soon after diminished in its severity but he became weaker and weaker. On the 15th, it was decided that bleeding was necessary, to which decision, Byron took a decided stand against. Finally on the 16th. he permitted the operation to take place. Twenty ounces of blood were withdrawn, but the results did not correspond with the hopes that prompted the measure. As a second measure they applied mustard plasters to his legs, Byron objecting to any one having anything to do with his feet on account of their crippled condition. More doctors were called in but it appeared that the case was hopeless. He fell into a deep sleep on the 18th. of April, it lasted twenty four hours, on waking he glanced about and immediately closed his eyes, the doctors felt of his pulse- Byron was dead.

Not only Byron's friends and servants, but all Missolongi, the town in which he died, were stunned by the sudden blow that had fallen upon them. By order of the Provisional Government, thirty-seven shots, one for each year of the poet's life, were fired from the battery. The poet received princely honors at the funeral service, soldiers lined the street, and a procession

of ecclesiastics chanted psalms as they proceeded the rude coffin, on which were placed, his sword, helmet and a laurel crown. All stores, shops and public offices were closed for a period of three days, and all Easter festivities were suspended. The Greeks wanted to have him buried in the Temple of Theseus at Athens, but it was decided that the body should be sent to England. Permission was refused when friends sought to bring his body to Westminster Abbey. So after lying in state for some days in London, Byron was buried with his mother and ancestors in the little church yard at Hucknall, such being the desire of his sister, Augusta.

Byron, Like Rousseau, was one who wished us to know a great deal about him, and took care that we should. He was always possessed of a fascinating, arresting personality. Byron was more than an author, he was a man and as a man we must use judgement tempered with human sympathy when viewing his errors. To deal with a man's vices and faults is not to cater to an appetite for scandal; it is rather to try to understand a great man, who has done great things for his country. Whether the influence of the poet has been for good or evil will always be a debated point, but certainly the audacity and grandeur of Byron must tend toward culture. Byron was the poet of youth and passion, of enjoyment and physical life. He talked in the language of the people and writes of subjects that are common to the people. Some men of fame hold one view of him, others hold a different and often times contradicting notion of him. Carlyle says, "No genuine good thought was ever revealed by Byron to mankind."

Goethe observed, "A character of such eminence has never existed before and probably will never come again. I could not make use of any man as the representative of the modern era except him, who is undoubtedly to be regarded as the greatest talent of our century." But then Goethe also remarked that Byron was a child when he began to reflect.

Byron was the mouthpiece of his age, which was an age of scepticism, unrest,

uprooting of established beliefs and institutions, " The day will come," says Mazzini, " when democracy will remember all it owes to Byron, so will England

Some conception of the religious convictions of Byron might be gathered by reading through his letters and Journal. In them he makes certain comments that will enable us to see how he regards religion and life after death. Every man, even though he denies it, has some idea of a deity and it will be of interest to learn of Byron's opinion in view of the life he lived.

The following are quotations taken from Moore- "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron with Notices of His Life. "

" Of the immortality of the soul, it appears to me that there can be little doubt , if we attend for a moment to the action of the mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it , but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body- in dreams , for instance; incoherently and madly, I grant you , but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake.----- How far our future life will be individual, or, rather, how far it will at all resemble our present existence , is another question; but that the mind is eternal seems as probable as that the body is not so. A material resurrection seems strange and even absurd, except for purposes of punishment; and all punishment which is to revenge rather than correct must be morally wrong; and when the world is at an end, what moral or warning purpose can eternal tortures answer? Human passions have probably disfigured the divine doctrines here:-but the whole thing is inscrutable."

" It is useless to tell me not to reason, but to believe. You might as well tell a man not to wake, but sleep. And then to bully with torments, and all that ! I cannot help thinking that the menace of hell makes as many devils as the severe penal codes of inhuman humanity makes villains. "

11 2

" I have often been inclined to materialism in philosophy, but could never bear its introduction into Christianity, which appears to me essentially founded upon the soul. For this reason, Priestly's Christian Materialism, always struck me as deadly. Believe the resurrection of the body if you will, but not without a soul. The deuse is in it , if, after having had a soul in this life, we must part with it in the next, even for an immortal materiality ! I own my partiality for Spirit. "

As to the beginning of the world and it's age Byron has the following to say. " If, according to some speculations, you could prove the world many thousand years older than the Mosaic chronology , or if you could get rid of Adam and Eve , and the apple, and the serpent, still, what is there to put up in their stead? Things must have had a beginning and what matters it when or how ?

If these extracts from his letters have served to bring Byron nearer, and make him better known then they have accomplished the object that prompted me to set them down. Although Byron himself would never have wanted this to be done as he was known to take a strong stand against the forming of any opinion of him from his writings.

I will add here a few words of tribute paid to Byron by one of his close friends. They might in fact come from the mouth of any of his real friends as they all or nearly all held him in the same high esteem.

" Lord Byron had failings- many failings , certainly, but he was untainted with any of the baser vices; and his virtues, his good qualities were all of the higher order. He was honorable and open in all his dealings - he was generous, and he was kind. He was affected by the distress, and rarer still he was pleased with the prosperity of others. Tender-hearted he was to a degree

Appendix to " Travels in Albania " by Lord Broughton, 2 vol. Lon. 1855

not usual with our sex (male)-and he shrunk, with feminine sensibility, from the sight of ctuelty. He was true-spoken- he was effectionate- he was very brave, if that be any praise.-----

Lord Byron was totally free from envy and from jealousy; and both in public and in private, spoke of the literary of his merits of his contemporaries in terms which did justice to them and honour to himself. He was well aware of his own great reputation; but he was neither vain-glorious, nor over-bearing; nor attached to his productions even that value which was universally granted to them, and which they will, probably, for ever maintain.-----
In more familiar intercourse he was a gay companion and a free, but he never transgressed the bounds of good breeding, even for a moment. Indeed he was, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman. "

The causes of the success of "Childe Harold" were various and numerous.

For nearly twenty years most Englishmen, unless they were fulfilling a military or diplomatic function, had been shut off from the Continent by the almost uninterrupted succession of wars. This lack of opportunities for travel made attractive a poem that dealt with wanderings in foreign lands; and Byron's personality was found and understood in reading the poem.

This poem was written among the scenes it attempts to describe.

Byron began to compose it when he was in Albania. There are other descriptions to be found in this poem, descriptions of Spain and Portugal, which he composed from actual observation. It deals with his own wanderings from the time he left England. His description of Childe Harold leaving his home to find solace for himself is an accurate account of his own departure from England.

"The Childe departed from his father's hall;

It was a vast and venerable pile;

So old, it seemed only not to fall,

Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.

Monastic dome ! condemn'd to uses vile !

Where Superstition once had made her den

Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile

And monks might deem their time was come again

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men . "

Unmistakeable evidence that Byron's character was linked up with Childe Harold may be quite clearly seen in the following stanza. As we remember Byron left England without saying good bye to his mother and sister, and of his friends, they were too busy to take time to bid him adieu.

Childe Harold canto 1, stanza vii

" " " " " x

" Childe Harold had a mother - not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did shun;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel:
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
 such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal. "

Byron possessed the wonderful gift of vivid portrayal. His beautiful description and tribute to the Coliseum is well worth quoting. Note it's accuracy and it's detail.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
 Her Colliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illum
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

cxxix

Hues which ahve words, and speak to ye of heaven
 Floats o'er this vast and wonderous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
 A spirit's feelings, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power

And magic in ruin'd battlements,
 For which the palaces of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

cxxx

Oh Time ! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled-
 Time! the corrector where our judgment err,
 The test of truth, love- sole philosopher,
 For all besides are sophists from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer-
 Time, the avenger ! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.

cxxi

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years- though few, yet full of fate:-
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not when me, Let me not have worn
 This iron in my soul in vain shall they not mourn. ?

 CXLIII

A ruin- yet what a ruin ! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass

And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd
 Hath it indeed been plunder'd or but cleare'd ?
 Alas ! developed, open the decay,
 When the colossal fabric fromis near'd;
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

cxliv

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pause there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night breeze waves along the air
 The garland- forest, which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels onthe bald first Caesar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot- 'tis on their dust ye thread.

cxlv

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
 And when Rome falls- theWorld. From our own land
 Thus spake the pilgrimage o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mottal things are still
 On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill
 The World, the same wide den- of thieves, or what ye will

The misery of the lines " To Inez," in " Childe Harold " is surely not affected. Moore says that these lines are the dreariest touches of sadness that ever came from Byron's pen.

1

" Nay, smile not at my sullied brow;
Alas ! I cannot smile again;
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

2

And dost thou ask, what secretwoe
I bear, corroding joy and youth ?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

3

It is not love , it is not hate,
Nor low ambition's honors lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most.

4

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear of see;
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

What Exile from himself can flee ?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, pursues, where'er I be
 The blight of life- the demon Thought.

7

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake;
 Oh ! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er like me, least awake!

8

Through many clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst;
 And all my solace is to know,
 What'er betides, I've known the worst.

9

What is that worst? Nay do not ask-
 In pity from the search forbear:
 Smile on, nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there. "

But it is in " Don Juan " that we get a full disclosure of his personality and genius. As a work of art it is well nigh perfect. His language is easily understood by any one and the tone is conversational. Of " Don Juan " Shelly writes: "It sets him not only above , but far above all the poets of the day, every word has the stamp of immortality. "

His descriptive powers reach their summit in the picture of "Newstead," " The Seige," " The Shipwreck, " and " The Island. " There is beautiful pathos in the passage " Ave Maria . "

" Childe Harold " canto 1, stanza lxxxiv

What shall I do with this?

To answer, though, I have not time.

Little, I think, I can do.

How slight of hand - the hand of fate.

V

The spirit of the thing is gone.

And what of all that I have done?

Oh! how I wish I could be free.

Not only that, but I am free.

VI

Through many a long and weary day.

I have been a faithful servant.

And all my life I have been true.

And now I am free, I am free.

VII

But in this world I am not free.

In life I am the servant of the free.

Little, I think, I can do.

And now I am free, I am free.

But in this world I am not free.

In life I am the servant of the free.

Little, I think, I can do.

And now I am free, I am free.

But in this world I am not free.

In life I am the servant of the free.

Little, I think, I can do.

And now I am free, I am free.

But in this world I am not free.

" Ave Maria "

cii

" Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour !

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day- hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

ciii

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !

Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and thine Son's above !

Ave Maria ! oh that face so fair !

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove-

What though 'tis but a pictured image ? strike-

That painting is no idol, - 'tis too like. "

Byron's place in Literature is among the highest and greatest of the world's recognized litterateurs . His creative ability and powers of originality were amazing, and it was because of this originality that Byron became the famous figure that he did. Byron is to be estimated chiefly by the range of his powers. In satire he was of the very best, in description excellent, in power of narration, a leader among English poets. The greatness of Byron is also due to the immense body and mass of work which he created. As time goes on Byron is read more widely and this is justly so because he is a poet of the people, their spokesman, as it were. As an analyst of human nature , he comes next to Shakespeare. And what could be a greater compliment ?

" Don Juan " canto iii.

I like Byron and think that he deserves the fame that his writings brought him. I think that only a man of genius could turn out the amount and quality of work that he did. But underneath the surface of this admiration there lurks a feeling that Byron was not all that he could have been. Byron at certain times soared to remarkable heights but at other times he sank lower into the quagmire of iniquity than most ordinary men, but I suppose that that is just one of the eccentricities that seem to be part and parcel of famous and gifted men.

I admire him most when he was forced to assume the role of the underdog, by this I mean, I admire him when he was fighting against the opinions of the critics. I liked the way he fought back, the critics said that he was no poet and that he would never be one. Byron said that he was a poet and then he set about proving his contention. In this fight hard work meant nothing to him, he went to Newstead and for a long time he schooled himself in the atmosphere of Pope, and then, his preparation over, he came forth with his biting satire that completely silenced the critics.

Of his kindness and charity there was no end. He felt that the Greek cause was great enough for him to throw himself into the fray, and this he did. Not only did he give his body and his mind to Greece but also his wealth and finally his very life. He was not only a dreamer, he was also a doer. When he set his mind on doing a thing he did it.

There is remarkable beauty in some of Byron's poetry. One of his outstanding poems and one that I liked particularly well is that beautiful and haunting piece, " Farewell ". Any man that could express himself as Byron did in that poem is truly a great poet.

Despite the fact many of Byron's biographers describe him as being a humble man, I still feel that he was a very proud and haughty person. To bear out this impression I will quote Byron's own lines from his poem " Farewell! "

" Every feeling hath been shaken;
 Pride which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now. "

Byron was a product of environment . If he was a very emotional man then I would place the blame not with Byron but with his parents. Byron's mother was a woman of extremely unstable temperment, naturally Byron, brought up in this atmosphere, could not help but be emotionally unstable.

And so I conclude my labors and leave his character to the judgment of the world. Let it be remembered that through life, with all his faults, he never lost a friend; that those about him in his youth, whether as companions, teachers, or servants, remained attached to him to the last; that the woman to whom he gave the love of his maturer years idolises his name; and that with a single unhappy exception, those who were brought into relations of amity with him have felt toward him a kind regard in life, and retain a fondness for his memory.

"Every day I live with your mother."

"I am not a wife to you."

"I am not a wife to you."

"I am not a wife to you."

"I am not a wife to you."

"I am not a wife to you."

"I am not a wife to you."

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